

THE MYTH OF THE
CORPUS AND THE SPELL OF
THE MOUND

*A STORY OF THE SOLDIER OF
MMMMMMMMMM*

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a mmm conception

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PREFACE

This writing consists of excerpts from a journal that was found in front of the clock on the 8th floor of the Foundation Building, alongside a wooden bayonet painted in blue, during a period of rooftop construction. I first encountered it while working at the Cooper Union archives. At the time the author was unknown. After extensive research, I finally discovered that it was written by a soldier, who while studying at the institution was separated from his home because of a full-scale invasion on its land. In his prime age, he couldn't serve on the battlefield nor provide direct assistance in the rear. Given his smaller build and extreme sensitivity, perhaps it was better that he remained here, in spite of his wishes to defend the place he loved and to reunite with his family. It seems to me that from his privileged position of relative safety, he could do more work for his invaded homeland by diligently practicing magic, studying art, applying his skills and creative disposition to prepare himself for the projects that would have to quickly commence after the victory he hoped for was attained. He was learning ways to inspire strength in others and remind them to trust in beauty even in a world tarnished by war. Far away from the battlefield, he was still a soldier in thought. A soldier of mmmmmmmmm.

Some months prior to the assembly of this book, I was able to get in contact with the soldier. I expressed my interest in the story, and a vision I had of putting it alongside images that would help illustrate some of the ideas and experiences he describes. He agreed to work with me on the project with the request that only three physical copies be made; two to reside in the Cooper Union archive, and one for a beloved teacher of his, though digital distributions of it could exist.

Today, the soldier of mmmmmmmmm has returned to his homeland, where the people exist in a freedom they have never had before, gaining a new consciousness and constructing new systems and realities. There, in his childhood village, the soldier works as a teacher of a school he opened that operates on foundations inspired by the Emerald Father, the Corpus, and the people he encountered during his time there.

This is the story of the soldier of mmmmmmmmm and his uncovering of the Mound's magical structure.

REUNION WITH OLD VISITORS

I wake up with the usual raging realization that the morning hours are passing. Even if I am still tired, I don't allow myself to sleep. I fall out of the bed and roll over to a ghost of an oddly familiar cat, let him slip through my fingers. When I look back at the bed, it has already turned into a hill. I consider climbing.

Some figures appear. They walk across a field, robed in brown, their profile silhouettes turned to me. They do a sort of synchronized dance, slowly unveiling dripping sleeves until one of them blinds me with theirs. When the fabric is drawn back, a face is looking at me with the edge of an open fan pressed like a blade against her cheek. I don't understand who they are, but I can see them all so clearly. They are just a closed eye away from me - the most apparent of visitors I've had in a while.

Later, I retell these events to my two brothers during one of our nightly seminars, for which I rarely have the courage to participate in these days, but I'm glad that I do tonight. We talk of the schisms - the ones that we have become familiar with in our development, particularly during our time as

practitioners at the Corpus. We are just a few years short of being predictively solidified and unaware of the effects it will have on our branching conditions.

I sit with them and think. I go into manual breathing. Concentrating on ensuring that my lungs receive air, I am kept from participating in the banter.

Gradually, as I listen to the conversation, the eventuality of my brothers and I parting by death settles in me, an inevitability I've never quite considered. Though probably still years away, I distantly wish for us to be buried on a cemetery fireboat designed by the kin of the Emerald Father, set to sail along every coast.



I throw my head back, watch a fly bounce on the ceiling - there's no need to do anything about it.

With automatic breathing not any nearer, I think back to some of my favorite ideas I've had the pleasure of receiving. Then I receive a thought of the silver temple, just a few blocks away, along with a thought of

the monk I once knew when I used to bathe in historical fictions, who burned the golden one he knew. I take out a search engine and discover the synchronicities him and I share.

After more was said, my brothers go to sleep and I crawl into my chamber, still fully wired. I light a candle, scented like leather and pick up my favorite book, the Way We Dim - the first literature assigned to me upon arrival to the Corpus. I read it outloud in near darkness, passage by passage.



Not any closer to sleep, I close the book and blow out the candle. I jump into the bed and listen to the thoughts in my head guided by the angel of the monk.

Today I learned that the version of him supposedly based in reality was only one year older than me when he set the golden temple on fire. I heard him whisper in my ear to begin the exploration of the recounts of

that day, and its surrounding implications, of which an anniversary is today. I think that we are talking through one of the schisms.

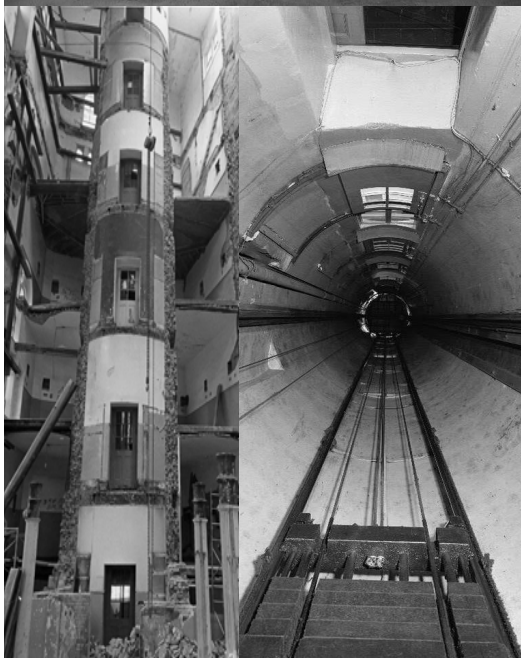
He told me that one year from today, the silver temple shall burn if it does not fall and isn't freed. I may not be the initiator of the fire, but I could potentially be one of the parts in its movement towards another state. "Would you consider offering your own hands in igniting the spark as I did, if this necessary motion cannot be conjured?" he asked. But to this I couldn't respond yet.

He went on to suggest that my brothers and I continue to expand upon the practiced process of turning base ideas into prophetic gold as the Emerald Father intended for us to when he built the Mound and its surrounding Corpus, to which the silver temple belongs. He urged that in the remaining time of our studies at the Corpus, we rediscover and relight the spell the Emerald Father casted into the Mound, regardless of the fate of the silver temple the following summer. I promised that we will, under the compulsion that it will astonish us.



The Mound is the surrogate of the Corpus, the primary building of the entire organization. Nearly 200 years ago, the Emerald Father laid its foundation and its guiding structure to support those with a talent for creating prophetic material, who otherwise might not have had the necessary means to expand upon this practice. During the Mound's construction, the Emerald Father infused the place with a spell which he hoped would reach practitioners as they walk through its structure in a spiraling motion, ascending from its base. A spell which they in turn would amplify by shooting out rays of light from the clock at the top of the Mound, projecting the grounds of various possible new foundations. The Emerald Father was a fan of circles. He believed it to be the most conducive shape for forwards travel, contrary to the common inclinations of his contemporaries who preferred straight lines and sharp angles. Evidence of his admiration for the form is embedded inside the Mound's structure, since the only passage to its peak follows a circular path of his design.



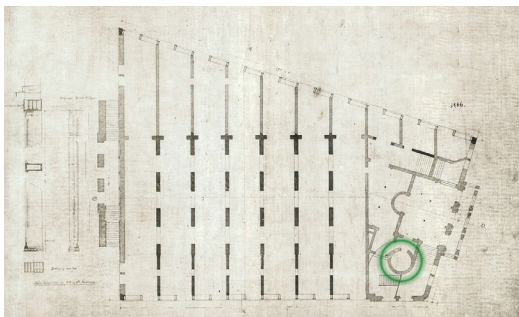


The Emerald Father's circular passageway

By the intentions of the Emerald Father, the Mound was to offer a domain for sustained investigations into the ideas, humors and wishes of the practitioners. The particularities discovered in these searches would then be followed by an effort to represent them in the production of works resistant to a single direction of time, catching moments of divine beauty for their further propagation.

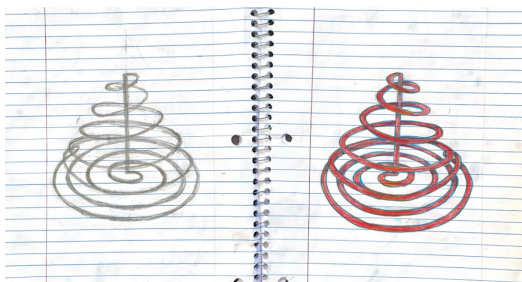
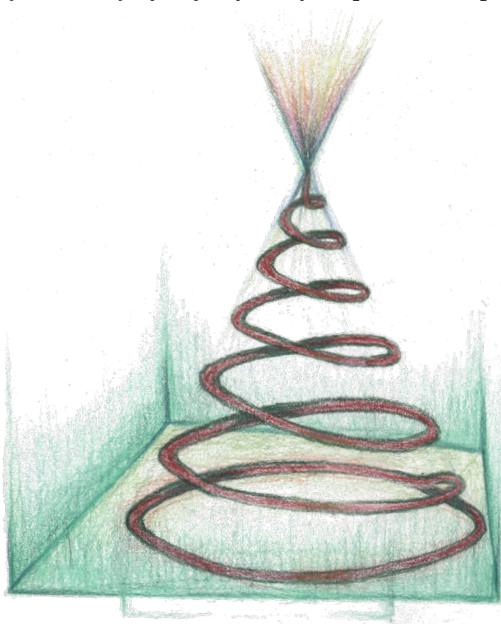
The Mound stood independently for years, proceeding along the Emerald Father's proposed trajectory. It succeeded in the facilitation of glorious visions and their realizations across generations of practitioners. With time though, the Emerald Father's spell has been overlooked.

The light projected from the top of the Mound overpowered by the frivolous shine of the silver temple, with its spaceship-like beauty distracting people's attention away from the essence of the Mound itself and the fact that it holds the root of the entire Corpus.



The silver temple was erected roughly two decades ago as an inessential replacement of the former temple made of stone, which was thought of as too meek for the caliber of strength of the Corpus by those who planned its demolition.

The new temple brought with it the latest technologies and elevated views that could be caught between the cracks of its silver shell. It was designed with facilities one would hope a temple would grant, though frigidly and sharply. Some missed the comfort provided by the short yet fortified form of the previous temple.



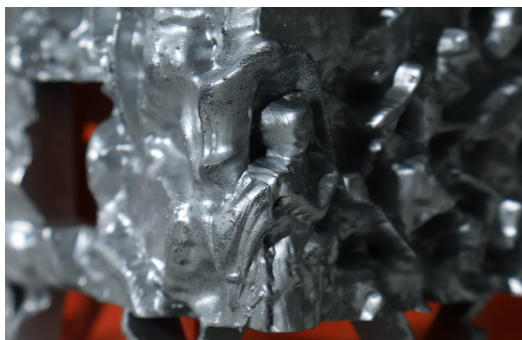
Approximations of the structure of the spell inside of the Mound

TRAJECTORIAL PLACEMENT

I arrived at the Corpus some years ago to find that the silver temple is burning in invisible flames that scorches the people in its proximity, though some have grown resistant to the heat. The fire is fueled by the bodies of those composed of the same psychotic matter as its silver facade, propagating the affliction that affects mostly the allies of the Mound, like myself.

Since the establishment of the silver temple many have prayed for its collapse as they recall a time that resides in their imaginations and memories. A time prior to its construction, with its accompanying debt and departure that it marked from the stable course of function the Corpus once operated with. Others have fought to keep the silver temple erect with the current values it holds, its failing arteries, frozen in a present moment they wish to keep in verticality, static against the push of time, resulting in an atrophy of people's ability to run autonomously, depleting their energies for finding amelioration of paranoid symptoms.

*The silver temple shall burn if it does not fall
and isn't freed.*

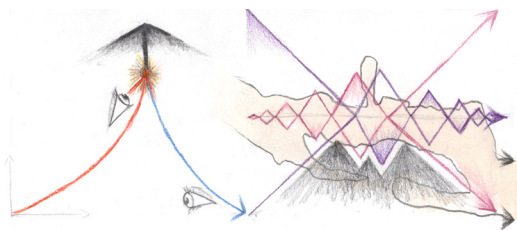


The silver temple is evidence of a mistake made at a deviation from its previous iteration, of power submitted to those who consensually had no business being involved. It is a presentation of a possible direction the Corpus' currents could have been guided towards in disagreement with the full-hearts involved. It attracts and impresses external onlookers, some traveling far distances to catch a glimpse of it. Rumors and tales of its existence are passed around. It's an object of reverence for those made up of the same psychotic matter and to followers of new architectural religions. I myself have met people on my journeys who upon finding out about my admittance to the Corpus of the Mound and the silver temple express a sort of envy about my involvement and exposure to the latter. They ask me for my opinion, only to drown it in their own marvel of the building, completely disregarding the importance of the Mound.

*The silver temple shall burn if it does not fall
and isn't freed.*



Throughout my time at the Corpus, I have picked up on some of the uncomfortable realities that the teachers and practitioners seem to be implicated in. But I think I see an element of fortune in our circumstances. Something rare in our responses. Many temple organizations would have crumbled instantly at the encounter of an affliction, if not dimmed all of the sparks that illuminate it from within, taking it far into the path of darkness. Ours could have even risked becoming too powerful for its own good. Like a healthy body with no gained immunity from recuperation after a contracted illness.



I must admit, I agree with the skeptics and the cynics. The Corpus is being held hostage. It's drive hijacked by the imposition of the silver temple and its supporters. Still, I remain confident in the Emerald Father's spell which I do not yet fully know in words. It stuns and inspires me towards the realization of another trajectory. If it appears that no adjustments could be made to the silver temple's current form to make it more generous and harmonious in its status besides the Mound, then I will hope that the temple does burn as professed to me by the monk. But as long as even the slightest trace of transformation is present, I will work towards its actualization.

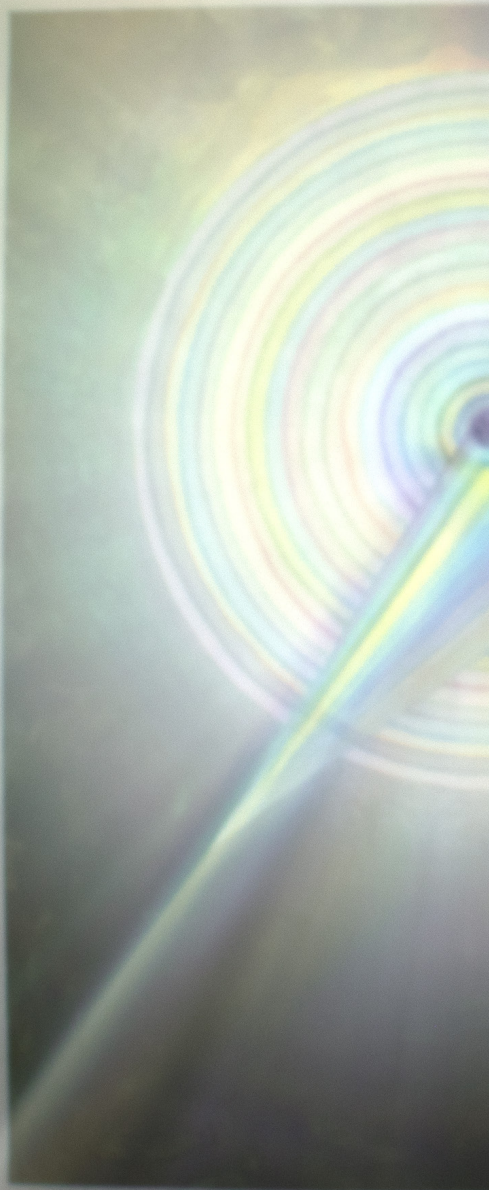
*The silver temple shall burn if it does not fall
and isn't freed.*



FUEL

Lately, when I look into my storage unit, I find that I have obtained enough charge to follow the path of time that entropy encourages with relation to multidimensional/multidirectional axes. I want to abandon the project of trying to violently withhold the verticality of power, with the massive shadow it casts upon the desiring forces it excludes, as the silver temple does, and its ignorant impulse to resist the immanence of chaos. Also, I acknowledge the futility of wanting to reverse to a state prior to the imposed violence: a pseudo-order that operates in the same code as the very violence that my peers and I have been trying to heal from.

I no longer wish to be fixed nor unbroken.





I think of the ancient wisdoms of the Way We Dim, with their scriptures so untimely and poetic, simple but adulterated through translation. How gravely I misunderstood the teachings upon initial reading. I clung so piously to the writings that were reduced by my subtle trust in the psychotic fixation. But then, upon willful banishment of the teachings from my consciousness, I learn its real title, even if just for a moment, as the Way We Spring. Suddenly, I can no longer contain myself and burst into symphonic laughter. A moment of victory over my cyclically opposing emotions. The looping stops and sparks in all directions, most excitedly towards the top of a hill which I abstained from giving mind to since that very first read.

I begin to automatically trace the chapters of my climbing story. The earliest steps I took purely because it felt cheerful. I go all the way up to the time of my fall, but now it feels more like a minor trip, the first along my path. I get sent down the mountain, acquire some scabs and bruises. I lift myself, and this time, instead of stagnating at the altitude I dropped to, fearing failure again and doubting my incentive towards even attempting such a climb, I blow my lungs up full of air. I close my eyes to see a mother bear with her cub on her back going towards the same direction I was

I recall the joy in the experiment of my first ascents, their motivation being merely the discovery of what felt specifically good and beautiful, take reassurance in this, open my eyes, and prepare to begin the journey upwards. What else is there to do?



*And if the silver temple shall burn, then what
might rise from its ashes?*

AT THE BASE OF THE MOUND

My skills are weakened, my instincts are low, but I have permission to climb again.

From where I am standing, in the distance, I see one of the figures robed in brown again. This time I notice that she is actually wearing a cloak of bear fur. When I get nearer to her, I see that the features of her face greatly resemble my own. We stand in silence looking at each other, both concentrating on the wind that whistles between us. She throws her head around and suddenly rushes towards me, covering my eyes with the fur of her sleeve. When I am unblinded, I find myself at the base of the Mound.

I move in a spiral at the Mound's foundation, discovering the features of its grounds which I previously could not see. The sun begins to expectedly distance itself, the temperature around the Corpus drops, granting me more energy for continuous motion.

Some months pass as I explore the periphery of the Mound's base. I record my findings and hold visits with teachers who supply me with knowledge on various subjects related to the transformative process that unites the practitioners here. Eventually I catch up with my brothers and friends along their paths of retracing the Emerald Father's spell. They remind me that my journey doesn't need to proceed in complete solitude. This fills my heart with hope.

As I have further acquainted myself with the Mound's foundation, I have found

found a particular liking for the library and archival collection at the center of its base. I befriended the ghost of a cat that wanders there, climbing on the many seating arrangements and shelves. One day, he guides me to a section with books on the art of necromancy. I read them cover to cover, absorbing the information in them like food. I also spend many hours in a cornered closet that is filled with objects and recorded history about the Corpus. They are guarded by an energetic woman who is always excited to share with me the latest finds and acquisitions.

In the privacy of our home, my brothers and I begin to conduct meetings with the Emerald Father. I was surprised to find how easy it is to communicate with him. Perhaps all those books the ghost of the cat showed me are redeeming themselves.

We ask him questions for guidance in our actions relating to the Corpus. He answers in “yes”, “sort of yes”, “mostly no”, and “no”. So far he agrees with our movements and plans. He watches how we work. To me, however, he said there are a few things I should reconsider or redirect. But for now, this investigation he encourages me to continue.

When I lay in bed sleeplessly, he talks to me alone. I ask him two things repeatedly “Is the Corpus in alignment with your intentions? And what am I to do next?”

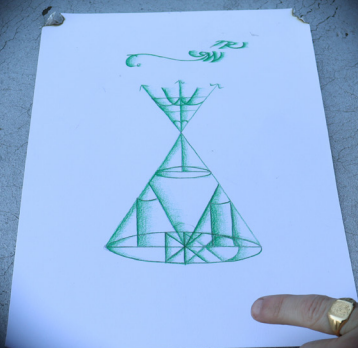
I receive green images from him to interpret and so far, this is what I have been able to decipher:

Before I attempt the upwards climb, I must strengthen my subterranean roots and visit underground caves. In a room behind the auditorium of the Basement of Voices, located right underneath the base of the Mound, I must present evidence of my dedication to amplifying the Emerald Father's spell and the effects of flames as the monk from historical fictions has shown me they can be activated. I must show my willingness to forget and banish the words that have been rearranged to appear as if they had been uttered by the Emerald Father, so that I can free up space in my mind for the truthful ones not infected with the psychotic fixation. Besides that, I am to come as myself so that I may receive his guidance.

CASTING A GREEN SPELL

I was a bit slow to act. In the time of my preparation of this evidence that the Emerald Father requested, the Corpus was struck with a blow. A heavy air permeated the Mound from a puncture made near its top. While my reason presented me with the possibility of pausing the preparation for the climb, my will and my limbs felt compelled against it. The discomfort in its atmosphere was not enough to stop them, and so the push went on.

I decided to cast a spell for the Mound, for a positive reinforcement of its existence and the work my brothers, my peers and I do within it. I set an affirmative statement and burned it with the flames the monk taught me to ignite, to ensure that false associations of my words wouldn't cram my consciousness. By doing so, I hoped that the energetic substances of my intentions would seep their way into my subconscious in a symbolic form in order to fire more effectively. I took the photographs of the process, and presented them to the Emerald Father in the room behind the auditorium in the Basement of Voices. First I laid them out in an arrangement for him and all of the ghosts present in the space to witness my offering.





Then, I found a crack in a table to slide the pages into and left them there to propagate and work their magic.



The following day, I am nauseous from the toxic air that still hasn't left the Mound. Maybe in a daze caused by the particles of the atmosphere, or under the effects of the spell, I feel a compulsion to write a letter to

some of my beloved teachers at the Corpus.

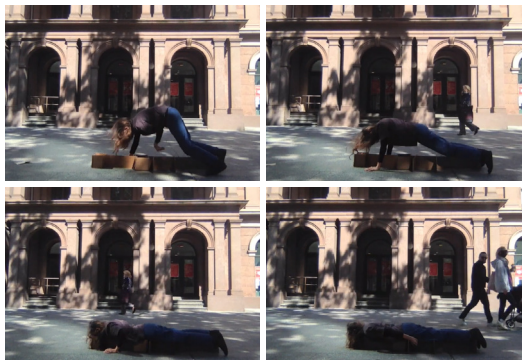
I describe to them my observations and ask them not to disclose my writing with anyone else for the time being. The message was long, but in summary, I tell them of a paralysis I witness infecting the members of the Corpus. Having recently experienced it myself, I can only credit it to a reliance on negation and an obsession with histories which have been confused by the psychotic matter that forms the silver temple. I tell them that we are a body of highly talented practitioners, and that it is our predispositions towards this very practice that joins us in this place, but some of us have been convinced that the work we do isn't worthwhile. That instead we should try to grapple with the things that we can't feel with our own hands, because it has been insisted that it is more valuable to formulate and answer questions from the third-person, rather than from our particular selves. And this itself is a paradox, because we are repeatedly lectured about the affliction that occurred when certain taxonomers decided to mock and disregard our special practice for one that was advertised as more efficient and universal. We are pushed to keep recognizing the damages of this event, while personally feeling them, but aren't encouraged towards recuperation. I tell them I don't mean to complain, and that much of the guidance they have offered in the Corpus has been beneficial,

but that I want them to know what I am experiencing. That people's unique engines are being systematically confined to repetitive feedback loops towards total depletion, freezing them in an operations where their beliefs and their doubts are forced to cancel each other out, preventing them from paying mind to spell inside the Mound and attempting the climb. We have, in our system, the most sensitive and creative individuals, so why is it that we aren't uplifted for the possibilities we have of new enactments? In the end I thank them, for their time and their effort to facilitate environments of inspiration. I tell them I don't expect a quick response, and in the meantime I wait for a reply.

PREPARING TO CLIMB

Standing at the base of the Mound, the girl in bear fur meets me again. She pulls out a screen from a hidden pocket of her cloak, and shows me evidence of a spell I completed early into my admittance to the Corpus. I was burned by the invisible flames of the silver temple, and in a symptomatic state of paranoid fixation, I casted a spell with the aim of dimming myself and all of my desires by laying my body down at the

Mound's foundation with my vision facing the ground, not realizing the effects it would have on my ability to work on the very practice that led me here. I was under the impression that ridding myself of these things would somehow bring me closer to enlightenment, and that as long as access to such wonders weren't available to everyone, I had to abstain from them myself and search for alternative, and usually futile ways of enacting change. This spell was effective, and the performance of it maybe even beautiful, because my desires were involved in it, but as a result, my personal drive was directed towards the looping stagnation of the silver temple. My body froze to ice susceptible to shattering at any moment.



The girl in bear fur shuts down the screen and says “Sometimes a spell unaltered for too long may chain one like a curse. So,

let your soldier free.”

We then lay down together, at the base, our eyes fixed at the top of the Mound. She asks me to tell her a story, and to tell it pretty. She says that while she thinks it’s a fun game to play, to call things by some highly specific definition or metaphor, she urges me to present my truths generously, and assures me that climbing the Mound will be much easier if I state my intentions clearly. So I say:

I’ve gotten really tired.

I no longer want to pretend that what I wish to do here isn’t magic. Magic, which I equate to art. Art, which is what we call the primary object of our studies, the supposed link between myself and others in this structure. The more time I’ve spent around the Mound, the more apparent it became to me that not all of us agree about what constitutes the very essence of this study, and this is why sometimes I’ve turned to hiding.

The dimming spell affected me for many months, until the night of a dinner hosted by one of my beloved teachers from the Corpus. At the table, my self-consciousness was splitting in two because the conversation we were having made some sense to the me that was there, sitting at the table, but had absolutely no meaning to the me that once lived in the land of blue skies and golden wheat. Then, I felt a moment of blazing unification and clarity in my

bifurcating self when the teacher asked "So, can art change the world?" and without my will, my voice just stated "Yes." I looked around at my peers at the table, but most of their eyes looked hopeless, their shoulders were doubtful, some shook their heads no. Inevitably the teacher had to ask me why, though I believe she agreed with my confirmation, but given that my answer came so automatically, all I could say was "I don't know it yet linguistically, I just have a sense of it based on how it resonates in my veins." This inspired an investigation I would pursue for the following year or so.

I became hyper-aware of the disbelief in the power of art around me, especially having been affected by this doubt once myself. This isn't the entire truth of course. I am often in rooms with my brothers and friends who I know see and believe what I started to catch a glimpse of. And I know that others do too, but some just might not have the strength to admit it. And for some, the outcomes of their magic practices express it all.

The exploration into my instinctive yes took a lot of effort, first to reinscribe my desires with validity, to accept the shortcomings of my build, and to forgive myself for some of my personal dispositions. Then, I had to re-invite my guiding visions, which are distinct from the dreams I live in when I sleep. Once they returned, I had to learn to really listen, so that they would feel heard and encouraged to visit me again.

Finally, I started to draw them. An act that under the effects of the previous spell my

body would immediately reject. This process started to feel like the most important thing I could do. It involved figures, mathematics, intuition, repetition. I would approach the paper with a question, and each movement laid on to it would present a series of materials from which to uncover answers. And when at last an image would surface, and a color would strike a peculiar itch, I had done it. I had a view of the world I wanted to know and live in. And the further I tried to evolve and explicate that world, the more its actuality and effects upon me would transform and complicate. Very gradually, I began to move away from the dimming spell that had chained me like a curse.

Of course, this could only be done in a certain position of privilege. Because the soldier in me isn't needed on the battlefield. Life around the Mound is relatively safe, and for this I am thankful. I have felt the beauty of the transformative process which the Emerald Father wished we would practice. I only hope to further recover my immanent authority to it, without interrupting anyone else's. I dream of expanding its terrain and provide inspiration towards its insistence. I don't have much more than this right now, but this itself, is an overwhelming abundance.

I've gotten really tired of repeating this story, as if to convince others of my findings. I think I have outgrown that goal, because the motivation all along was to convince my

consciousness of a truth it already had insight to. So perhaps this time to you is my last reiteration, at least for now.

I want to attempt to climb the Mound's structure once more, to amplify the Emerald Father's spell and shoot the rays of light from the clock at the structure's top, to reveal and illuminate the path towards that world I've peeked into.

There's red tree forests, and waterside dances that I want to go discover over there. There's a god who likes to sit with you at glamorous dining tables and play staring contests, which he wins almost every time. Apparently he has a challenger; a wise woman with black hair whose eyes can stay open for longer than most of his other competitors. A brother of mine travels there to study labyrinths and their relationship to the pathways of brains, and the other to interpret the musical notation written on highways. There's a secluded historian who leads distant excursions through the gridded papers he produces for those who are afraid of flying. There are trains that transport fleeting poetry, with the words written on the carriages to look like sprites. There are bands of beautiful ladies in dresses who take over the streets at the start of every evening. There's a little guy who transforms light into ingestible medicine. There are mice that run around on the fine lines of order and chaos, carrying daggers on their backs with

which they release time from the many capsules it's trapped in. There's a sailor who makes friends with everyone she meets, if only they are lucky to catch some moments of her company. There's a quiet girl who can find a pattern in things one plainly wouldn't see, and she's often alongside an angel who knows the secret to making snowflakes. The monk I once knew when I used to bathe historical fictions told me that it was there that he fell in love with the effects of warming fire. It was at the entrance of this place, where he and I first met. Back then he urged me to come inside and walk with him, but I wasn't ready to yet. He said to me "you're lucky, because unlike most things, this place can wait for you forever."

I know the world doesn't care, but I wish I could apologize to it for having ignored it for so long. I finally have the strength to bear its different gravity, and the forwards devoted attention of all my fragmented selves. I want to tread its land and smell its soil, to explore its ground. Maybe there I'll find the base of another mountain climb.

We stand back up. The girl pulls out a blue bayonet out of her cloak and hands it to me. I use it to point myself a target: the clock at the peak of the Mound. The girl tightens the wrap of her fur around her and disappears out of my line of sight as she flies away beyond the top of the Mound. I strap

my bayonet, grab all of what I know so far, and begin the spiraling ascend. I move what feels like directionlessly, but every once in a while I look behind to see that I have actually made a few steps ahead. My skills are getting stronger, my instincts more attuned. I recognize the beauty of the Emerald Father's spell and I wish to learn it more as I continue my climb. I feel equipped to move through its spiraling structure, striving for action rather than perfection, with my desiring vision expanding outwards from myself as the point of origin. If perhaps, in time, I will have stories to recount of my findings, then I shall work on making my delivery granting.

I thank, the Corpus, the Way We Spring, the spell, the force of chaos, the cycles I witness, my senses, my limbs, my teachers, my peers, my wars, my travels, and my silences. Whether or not the silver temple will burn next summer, I've already put out the scorching impacts of its invisible flames for myself and my furcations that are within the grasp of my protection. I start the new motion now, and I look forward to what my encounters may be.





ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS



These images were conjured by the soldier by placing his hands onto photopaper and thinking of his friends and inspirations who influenced his journey in the Corupus.

